

# THE MAN SHE LOVED

By EFFIE ADELAIDE ROWLANDS.

## CHAPTER XIX.

The gallant officer was by no means fond of talking, and Enid certainly gave him no encouragement to continue the exercise, for she looked colder than usual, and only replied to his polite speeches by monosyllables. Nevertheless, the young man was nothing daunted. His conceit was piqued by this girl's determined resistance to his offer of friendship, and he admired her more than any specimen of her sex he had ever met.

Enid, finding she could not get rid of him or his compliments, relapsed into proud silence. Finally, he stood still and faced her, putting a hand on her arm.

## CHAPTER XX.

The evening dusk was creeping on, for their walk had taken some time, and Enid could see that the young man's face was fixed and rather disagreeable, and before she had time to think more, he was pouring out vows of love, and finished by asking her to be his wife.

She stood very silent till he had finished, and then coldly and politely refused his offer.

"But I don't understand you!" exclaimed Roger Leicester, angrily. Could his ears have heard aright?

"I thought I made it clear. I thank you for your offer, Captain Leicester, but I must beg to refuse it."

"On what grounds, Miss Leslie?" "Surely you do not need me to go further into the question. I am distressed you have asked me, Captain Leicester; I dislike giving pain, but I must refuse."

"And I won't take your refusal!" the young man exclaimed, beside himself with injured pride and disappointment. "You must be my wife, Enid!"

"Must!" She drew herself up with a gesture of indignation, then drawing back a little, she said, quickly, "I must request you to leave me, Captain Leicester; I prefer to be alone."

The young man glared at her for a few seconds, then with a smothered exclamation strode forward, caught her suddenly in his arms and kissed her several times.

Enid uttered a cry, and as he released her and went hurriedly away, she sunk down on the ground and burst into tears just as some one else, who had been walking up the avenue, hearing her cry, jumped on to the sidewalk and saw her thus plunged in her distress.

"Miss Leslie! Good heavens! What has happened? Are you hurt?" Gervais bent down and lifted the girl to her feet.

Enid was weeping bitterly. "How dare he! How dare he!" she said, thinking only of the insult and not realizing anything else.

"Some one has insulted you; who it is?" the earl said, gravely, standing beside her and conscious that a strange mixture of tenderness and anger was struggling in his heart.

Enid drew a little calmer and dried her eyes with trembling hands. "It is nothing, Lord Derriman," she murmured faintly.

Gervais waited a moment. "I am afraid I can't accept that statement. I think I am like Darius of old, who refused to take a falsehood, even from the lips of a weeping woman."

"She answered him quickly. "You are right—I spoke falsely; it was something that made me cry, Lord Derriman. But—but let it pass, please. I am foolish and unlearned at first; now—"

"Now you have handed the affair to my keeping, and leave me to settle it," he ended very quietly. "Now, what has happened?"

Enid hesitated a moment before she spoke, then putting out her hand, she said with a tiny tremor in her voice: "I can not thank you enough, Lord Derriman, for your kindness. Believe me, I—I am grateful, but I can not tell you the cause of my tears. I—I have very good reasons. I am only sorry that you should have been here just now."

"I will not press the matter further, since it gives you pain, Miss Leslie. I will only tell you that you need fear no more insults from the gentleman who was with you just now."

Enid started and colored deeply. "Then you—saw—"

He smiled, drew her hand through his arm, and led her slowly up the avenue. "I have this very moment caught sight of Captain Leicester leaving the path and going up to the house, and so I conjecture I have found the man I seek. We will say nothing of this, Miss Leslie; let it be a little secret; but if there is a spark of manliness or honor in that cub I will rouse it."

Dorothy had sent her husband away. Her heart was throbbing wildly, but the pain was not neuralgia or any other bodily ailment; the throbbing came from the mind—an excited, overheated, madly wrathful mind. Laxon's letter had been intended to alarm her so terribly that she would be forced into granting him all he asked, from the shock and surprise as well as fear.

Laxon had fixed the woods for their meeting, and she had to make her plans carefully. It was a great risk. How was she to get there and back without being discovered?

She left the study by the long French window. The night was dark, and she was soon on the lawn in front of the house; from thence she got noiselessly across to the paths she had to take.

Any woman might well have been nervous and timid of that dark, weird walk; but Dorothy had no fear. She glanced neither to the right nor the left, but walked on quickly—so quickly that her heart beat to suffocation and a sharp pain came in her side.

She passed the tennis court, on and on, till she came to the rose garden—now a dead and withered wilderness—and turned her face down to the woods.

A little way from the gates she stopped. "Hist!" she breathed, rather than spoke.

A footstep answered her, and the voice she loathed came to her ears. "All right, Dolly; I'm here. Ah! I thought you'd bring an answer to my note!"

## CHAPTER XXI.

The Dagger For George. As she spoke George Laxon lounged carelessly forward; it was too dark to see his face, but Dorothy guessed well that there was a look of triumph on it.

"So this is how you keep your oath, it is, George Laxon?" she began in a whisper that was hoarse from fatigue and agitation. "This is your promise to go to Australia and let the secret of my past be buried? You bring my money from me and think that I shall submit; but you are mistaken, she added, fiercely. "A bargain is a bargain, and as you have broken your share, so will I break mine!"

Laxon took the cigar from his lips, and shook off the ash deliberately. "Softly, Lady Derriman," he said in smooth tones; "we ain't come to talk in 'bout breakin' bargains just yet. I've got something more to say to you; what'll put a different light on things, I dare say."

Dorothy passed her delicate lace-edged handkerchief over her cold lips; there was a sinister touch in his manner and in his words.

"What does all this mean?" asked Dorothy, in the same hard, dry fashion; her hands, burning as with fever, were clutched tightly together. She shivered every now and then from the violence of the tempest that raged in her heart. "Come to the point at once!"

"Very well, then, I will!" Laxon flung his cigar away, and folded his arms across his breast. "The point of the matter is just this, Dolly; I've a mind to be somebody, and you've got to make me that somebody! Money don't give me all I want. I look forward to the day when I shall be at 'ome in the same place as you is now; as I should have been if I'd been yer husband. You've got a home 'ere, and many others besides; the earl don't want your things. There's Kneebell; give it to me, and our bargain's struck."

Dorothy made no answer. Laxon waited for an instant, then his eagerness went; he became savage. "Come, give me yer answer. I tell you you'll never live in Kneebell Hall again. You don't want to be haunted—do yer? Haunted by your father's ghost—the man as you poisoned!"

Dorothy gave a fearful start, and her hands pressed closer to her heart and seemed to gather purpose and strength from the contact.

Laxon moved nearer and nearer. "Yes, poisoned!" he went on. "It might 'ave been a mistake—oh, of course!—but then, you see, there was such a good reason. Yer father had just cut yer off; he was goin' to leave every penny to that young girl, yer cousin. Ah! yer little thought I was so near—but I was. I hid just outside the window, and I heard every word. The old man wasn't very nice—was he? And he hit her. I see your face change as he spoke, and then, as he got bad and seemed like faintin', I see you pour out that laudanum and give it to him. Now, perhaps, you'll go to your husband and tell him what yer are—a murderer an' a—"

Dorothy gave a choking exclamation—her right hand left her breast. She struck at him suddenly and violently, rage and passion lending her strength, and Laxon, with one sharp cry, staggered back and stumbled to the ground in a heap.

It was the work of a moment. Dorothy stood motionless, hearing nothing but her heart beat with those horrible thuds in her ears. Then her fingers unclosed, and the dagger Roger Leicester had given her dropped on the grass and weeds at her feet.

## CHAPTER XXII.

A Murder. Enid was crossing the hall to the large staircase. A dark figure glided from a corner and went rapidly up before her. The figure never turned, but hurriedly unlocked the countess's door and entered. It was Dorothy.

Enid went swiftly down the passage and knocked. At first there was no answer, but finally Dorothy, pale and disheveled, opened the door. Enid tremblingly asked if she could be of assistance, but was dismissed with a rough "No!"

Dorothy waited with her ear close against the door till the sound of Enid's soft footsteps had died away. She was trembling all over from the effects of excitement, the great fear that had come upon her in the woods, and lastly by the dread of detection with which she had struggled, on her stealthy passage back to her room; with almost superhuman swiftness she had thrown off her cloak and slipped her loose silk peignoir over her dark tweed gown, shaking down her hair as she did so.

She was careful to stand with the door only partially opened, so that Enid might not see anything strange in her appearance, or catch a glimpse of the thick boots that were wet from the moisture of the weeds and grass through which she had just come.

Once alone and safe, Dorothy sunk for an instant on to an ottoman that stood at the foot of the bed, and bending forward, buried her face in her hands and tried to calm the fluttering of her heart and the trembling in her limbs; but suddenly she started up, for the dim light fell on her right palm, and she noticed for the first time that a stain of blood was smeared on it, left there from the moment of finding the wound in Laxon's arm. She rubbed her hand feverishly with her handkerchief, and then went hurriedly to her dressing room and held it under a running stream of water, having first thrown the piece of cambric and priceless lace to be devoured by the fire.

She shuddered every now and then with a long-drawn shudder of horror. It was a wise precaution she had taken in shutting Gervais and her maid from the room, for assuredly her condition would have provoked much alarm and many questions. Shivering as if struck by some sudden chill, Dorothy crouched down by the fire and tried to gather warmth and strength from it, but the strain on her mental powers had been so great that she could not control herself, and in sheer desperation she rose to have recourse to other aids.

By the earl's orders, Virginia had brought up a dainty tray, with some delicacy to woo back Dorothy's truant appetite, and a small bottle of champagne, which Gervais had sent up, having heard from Lady Lowe that it was so good for neuralgia. This Dorothy had despised, simply bidding Virginia leave it and not return; but now it came as a friend to succor her. With feverish, trembling hands she tried to unfasten the cork, and, finding her fingers powerless, she struck the neck off against the marble mantelpiece and drank the bubbling golden liquid without drawing breath.

The effect was almost instantaneous. Of late Dorothy had had recourse to brandy and other stimulants, and the exhilarating wine ran with strengthening fire through her veins.

Her courage gradually stole back, and something like self-disgust and contempt filled her heart.

"I am a weak fool!" she mused sharply. "If I go on like this, I shall be soon discovered by my own stupidity. After all, why should the sight of blood alarm me? It was only a scratch, and I feel I shall be rid of it. Six thousand a year! It is a fortune, but it is worth his silence."

She swept to and fro and laughed with triumph as she caught a glimpse of herself, and saw that the color was back in her cheeks and the firmness in her bearing; then she took off her peignoir and removed the gown, examining it deliberately to see that no stain of blood was on it, or on the cloak either; this done, she threw the dress down carelessly for her maid to remove and brush and hung the cloak away in a cupboard; then she drew her peignoir round her again, pulled up a chair to the fire and sunk into it with a sigh of fatigue.

"He swore by the child!" she muttered, gloomily, as she gazed into the glowing red embers, "and this oath he will keep sacred, for he loves her. I must write him in the morning, disguise my hand, so that the inn people may not know it, and send or take it myself. Send," she repeated to herself. "I can trust Enid. What a strange thing that I should trust her, even while I hate her."

She leaned her head back and her eyelids drooped; the wine was making her drowsy.

—To Be Continued.

Jamaican Cotton. Mr. O. F. Cook, of the Department of Agriculture, reports that cotton of a primitive type, collected by Professor N. L. Britton and Mr. William Harris in coastal thickets in the extreme southern part of Jamaica, seems to be undoubtedly a wild plant. It resembles a type of cotton which grows wild on the Florida Keys. The interest of the discovery lies largely in the suggestion of Prof. Britton that this cotton may prove very valuable for breeding purposes, since it furnishes a new point of departure. The existence of wild cotton in Jamaica has been affirmed before, but the evidence hitherto has not been convincing.—Youth's Companion.

Preserving Fish in Paper. Some interesting experiments in connection with the carriage of fish were recently made by M. Alfred Goldes, president of the fishery section of the Brussels Chamber of Commerce. Soles caught by Ostend boats off the Portuguese coast were packed in a special vegetable paper, and after sixteen days appeared in much better condition, as regards both freshness and flavor, than those packed in ice. This paper was recommended at the Ostend Fishery Congress of 1907 by Herr Solling, inspector of Danish fisheries. It costs little and takes up but small space.—Harper's Weekly.

Try It on the Dog. "Cultivate a pleasant tone of voice by practicing on the dog," says a Kansas man. "He doesn't care so much what you say, but he is very particular how you say it."—Kansas City Journal.

Confucius. "The superior man is slow in his words and earnest in his conduct."

Voliva Deposed as Zion Dictator. Wilbur Glenn Voliva, successor of John Alexander Dowrie, was deposed as political dictator of Zion City by the independent officers elected several weeks ago.

Stop Music After 10 P. M. City Attorney Anderson has drafted a law for the apartment house piano, phonograph, accordion and fidèle, which will, in accordance with the apartment house vocalist songstress or near songbird in St. Louis. Under his bill the lid will be put on apartment house music at 10 p. m., which will become a misdemeanor from that hour until 7 a. m. Similar laws are in force in London, Berlin, Paris and other European cities. Claude E. Vrooman, owner of apartments, agrees with the City Attorney.

Kicks Out Dad's Eye. At Anderson, Ind., George Horde, fifty years old, is now totally blind. He had lost the sight of one eye some years ago. While asleep in his bed at home a few evenings ago a little three-year-old daughter in her play kicked him in the good eye, causing injury which destroyed his eyesight.

THE PULPIT. A SCHOLARLY SUNDAY SERMON BY THE REV. H. G. GREENSMITH.

Theme: Limiting Jesus Christ. Oswego, N. Y.—In the First Baptist Church here, Sunday morning, the minister, the Rev. Harry Gladstone Greensmith, preached on "Limiting Jesus Christ." The sermon touched upon what he declared to be the limitations of the Emmanuel Movement. He also spoke of Christian Science. The text was from Matthew 13:58: "And He did not many mighty works there because of their unbelief." Mr. Greensmith said, among other things:

Even the Holy One of God, seemingly, had limitations. He was a prophet without honor in His own land. In Christ we find the wisdom of the ages, the skill of the universe. He was the "vis medicatrix" of science, religion and medicine. Preliminary over all, and yet limited.

In Capernaum, per contra, to Nazareth, there seems to have been no limit to the power of Jesus. There in adjacent places He had wrought the mightiest miracles known to the ages. No other man has turned water into wine, or healed a nobleman's son of palsy. None but Jesus has cleaned out devils out of the temple of man's soul, or out of the visible temple of God's Kingdom on earth.

Entering into Jerusalem, His beloved city, the city which caused the very nerve centres of His being to leap with joy, or travail in anguish. He saw a man impotent for thirty-eight years. By a word from the lips of this "rejected Nazareth" the man takes up his bed and goes away on earth.

Christ could do nothing of Himself. "I am come in My Father's name and ye receive Me not." "The Scriptures testify of Me, and yet ye will not come unto Me." And here we see forthcoming "isms." "If another come in his own name, him ye will receive." And how wild the world has gone over Dowrie and Mrs. Eddy. They set forth a religion in their own name, and people have gone wild, and Christ instead of being exalted, has been bowed from His throne. Eddysm, falsely called "Christian Science," as there is so little of Christ in it, is nothing short of idolatry, worse than Mariolatry, and Dowiesm, is fast "going into its own"—to its founder. Christ's power is limited by these two fads.

Entering the temple one Sabbath, Jesus meets a man whose right hand is withered. "What wilt thou do?" asks the Scribe. "Will he heal him?" The Pharisees ask. And in spite of them, Jesus shows forth His power and commands the man to stand forth. Then after a quiet talk on His sovereignty, He orders the man to stretch forth his hand, and he was immediately healed. This increased the anger of His adversaries to madness, and they plotted how they might destroy Him, thus limiting again His power.

Thus far we have seen Christ's power over the lower limbs, in that He caused a man to walk for the first time in thirty-eight years; to another He gives the use of an arm that was useless; others who on the point of death He restores to strength. These exemplify His powers over life, but, entering the city of Nazareth, He shows His power over death. The only son of a widowed mother is being carried to the grave. Jesus commands him to arise. And the young man sits up and speaks. To another born blind He gives sight. Surely such miraculous deeds ought to have removed all unbelief. But, sad to relate, He could not do in His own city any mighty works because of their unbelief. Even His own disciples at times manifested this unbelief, or lack of explicit trust. John in prison shows this spirit in his last message. Christ's answer was not sufficient to remove all doubt, even when He said: "Go, tell John what ye have seen and heard: The blind receive their sight, lame walk, deaf hear, and the dead are raised," etc. And all these doubts limited the Son of God.

In the calling of the twelve we see Christ's limitations. He was subservient to His Father's will, and He must have helpers with Him. Every step He took He counseled with the Father before taking it. "And He continued all night in prayer to God. And when it was day He appointed twelve, whom He named apostles, to whom He gave power and authority to preach, and to have authority to heal, cast out demons. "And as He came down from the mount a great number of people from all sections came to hear Him and to be healed of their diseases. And the multitude sought to touch Him, for power came forth from Him, and He healed them." Now the power of healing was given to these new "Christi," or, as they were afterwards called, "Christians," at Antioch. These men received their new power and went out under orders. How well they obeyed is recorded.

They were to be voices of God. "For it is not ye that speak, but the Spirit of your Father that speaketh in you." "I will give you a mouth and wisdom, which all your adversaries shall not be able to withstand or to gainsay." And they went—preached, cast out devils, anointed with oil those that were sick, healed them all.

All power was given them which Christ had. "I have given you authority," He said to the seventy. Peter was rebuked for not using authority over the waves upon which he attempted to walk. "Oh, thou of little faith, wherefore didst thou doubt?"

The disciples were also rebuked because their little faith prevented their healing the demoniac boy.

Power had been given them, and they were rebuked for their failure to use it, just as much as the one-talent man was rebuked.

These brief suggestions lead to the question: When did the authority given to the apostles cease? Why should there not be direct manifestations of the miraculous saving power over diseases to-day among the disciples of Christ as in the apostolic days? The closing of the canon certainly did not close the door of healing.

Another question arises: Why should we limit the power of the Spirit? Surely the spiritual nature is not greater than the physical?

I am in great sympathy with the Emmanuel movement. I am reading all I can get my hands on about it, but when I read the wonderful changes wrought in so many lives, I ask, Why could not we cast him out? Why cannot the same mighty works be wrought in Capernaum? Is this putting a limitation on the work of Christ? And is not this limitation simply because our faith is so "little," and Christ cannot do many mighty works here because of our unbelief?

THE TEMPERANCE PROPAGANDA. CONCERNED ATTACK ON DRINK WINNING ALL ALONG LINE.

Does Prohibition Prohibit? Your article "Does Prohibition Prohibit?" which depicts a group of several lawyers and ex-Judges expressing the horrible evils of prohibition, makes one wish that at least one more lawyer could have been added to the group to give from his personal knowledge the results of the enforcement of prohibition in Kansas City, Kan.

If C. W. Trickett, Assistant Attorney-General of Kansas, had been present he would have stated the facts which appear below, culled from one of his speeches, and which I have taken the pains to have verified by communication direct with his office.

On June 8, 1906, Mr. Trickett was appointed special Attorney-General for Wyandotte County, which included Kansas City, Kan., a city of about 90,000 inhabitants, and Argentine, a city of about 10,000 inhabitants.

At that time there were in the county 256 open saloons, 200 gambling dens and sixty houses of prostitution. Of the saloons 210 were in Kansas City, Kan., twenty-two saloons were in Argentine and twenty-four in other localities. Thirty days later there was not a saloon in the county.

Of the 90,000 population in Kansas City, Kan., a large part were foreigners. It was and is a manufacturing city and the metropolis of the State. Time and again there had been outbreaks of the undesirable citizens burning property, wrecking trains, destroying lives. A few months before the city had elected by 2000 majority a Mayor whose platform was "Damn the Constitution and laws of the State of Kansas."

When Mr. Trickett was appointed under instructions to enforce the prohibitory law in Kansas City, Kan., he was met by a delegation after delegation of business men to protest against the closing of the saloons. They said if the saloons were closed it would stop the city's growth, destroy the business of the merchants, deplete the deposits of the banks, stop the erection of buildings, render houses vacant, increase taxation, reduce the price of real estate, cause people to go to Kansas City, Mo., to do their shopping and would ruin the town generally. The delegations were composed of bankers, real estate men, lumber men and business interests and professions generally.

Mr. Trickett proceeded to enforce the law, with the result that the same men who came to protest now admit their mistake and declare that if the State administration ever lets up they will raise any amount of money necessary to prevent going back to the old regime.

In the first twelve months after closing saloons the combined deposits of the city banks increased one and a half million dollars. Mr. Trickett says:

"The real estate man says rents are higher than ever before. "The lumber man says so many new buildings are being erected that it is almost impossible to supply the demand, and this in mid-winter. "The taxpayer finds that it has put money into the public treasury instead of increasing taxes. "The furniture dealer finds that he is selling more furniture than ever before. "The timekeeper of one of the large packing houses tells me that the saloons are kept closed because they could afford an increase in wages, because of the increased efficiency of the men. The shoe man reports likewise. "Recently Mr. Newton, of the firm of Dengel & Newton, stated to me that one astonishing feature of the increase in their line was that it was largely in footwear for women and children. Why is it that when men and saloons are closed the women and children buy more shoes?"

Here are some of the effects on crime: Reduced expense of criminal prosecutions more than \$25,000 per year. Smaller police force required, making another saving of \$25,000.

The criminal docket in District Court shows that before the saloons were closed it required six or more weeks to try criminal cases. Since closing the saloons no term has exceeded three weeks.

Before the saloons were closed there were from ten to thirty in the police court every morning. Since then very few arrests. On September 11, 1906, the Star reported that not a single arrest had been made in twenty-four hours.

In the fall of 1906 a carnival was given with 50,000 persons gathered in the heart of the city and parading the streets. There was no drunkenness, no picking of pockets, no rowdism.

No longer need for a detective force; thieves and burglars followed the saloon out of the city.

In January, 1907, the police Judge of Argentine said: "There is not one case now where there were fifteen before."

Formerly from fifteen to twenty young men were sent from Wyandotte County to the reformatory. With the saloons closed Wyandotte County sent only two prisoners in a year.

What was done in Kansas City could be done in New York City. The same problems of lawless element and foreign population were met there as would be encountered here.

Prohibition does not seem to regulate. No law ever passed is more persistently and flagrantly violated than the high license Rains law.—Alfred L. Maniere, in the New York Evening Sun.

Temperance Notes. First, the man takes a drink; then the drink takes a man; then the man takes a drink; then the man takes a drink.

City officials believe that in future Chicago's income from saloon licenses will never fall below \$7,000,000 a year.

Arkansas' law prohibiting the drinking of intoxicants on trains in the State or on station platforms, though framed only to put down rowdism, will materially affect the business of the buffet car.

All the high class magazines now refuse liquor advertising, Harper's being the last to join the ranks.

The strange commentary on an enemy claim that Prohibition is an enemy of the hotel industry is the fact that the annual convention of the National Association of Hotel Men was held in Atlanta, Ga., on May 13.

From this time forth, the man who makes temperance addresses will be rated as a good-natured, unconscious traitor to our cause; and the man who is too broad to be true will be rated as our most dangerous enemy.—Professor Aaron S. Watkins.

THE STRAY LAMB. A Little lamb went straying Among the hills one day. Leaving its faithful shepherd, Because it loved to stray. And while the sun shone brightly, It knew no thought or fear, For flowers around were blooming, And balmy was the air.

But night came over quickly, The hollow breezes blew— The sun soon ceased from shining, All dark and dismal grew. The little lamb stood bleating, As well indeed it might, So far from home and shepherd, And on so dark a night!

But ah! the faithful shepherd Soon missed the little thing, And onward went to seek it, He home again to bring. He sought on hill, in vale, And called it by its name. He sought, nor ceased his seeking, Until he found his lamb.

Then to his gentle bosom The little lamb he pressed, And, as he bore it homeward, He fondly it caressed. The little lamb was happy To find itself secure, And happy, too, the shepherd, Because his lamb he bore.

And won't you love the Shepherd, So gentle and so kind, Who came from brightest glory, His little lambs to find? To save them, oh, so happy, Rejoicing in His love, Till every lamb be gathered Safe in His home above. —Albert Midlane, in London Christian.

Forgiveness. The first prayer of every awakened soul is, "Forgive, O Lord, forgive!" and the answer of God is "Forgive, O man, forgive!" and in this answer He does not mock us. When He says, "Forgive, and ye shall be forgiven," He only reveals the law of grace.

The Kingdom of God is within you. He has planted it there. It lies in the heart like a grain of mustard seed, lost in the dust of a sordid life. There is a magician in Heaven or on earth that can make it spring up all at once into the greatest of herbs. It must be watered, it must be cultivated, and the culture must be diligent and patient. It is so of the Kingdom and it is so of each of its graces. Only the merciful can obtain mercy; only the peacemakers can have the peace of God; only those who love even the unthankful and the evil can be conscious of God's love; only those who forgive can be forgiven.

There is such a thing as insufficient grace—grace that falls short of salvation. It is only full grown grace that saves, and grace reaches its maturity only by cultivation. The grace of forgiveness can grow only by forgiving, and only as it grows can it bring forgiveness. But, Lord, how often shall my brother sin against me, and I forgive him? Till seven times?" "I say not unto thee, until seven times; but, until seventy times seven." Never cease to forgive until you no longer need to be forgiven; and then you will still forgive, for you will have become like God. The grace that forgives you is God's grace, and it is as true as God's heart, and it is as true as it is in God Himself. But it requires much grace, and grace matured by much forgiving, to take away sin.—Nashville Christian Advocate.

A New, Complete Heart. It is nothing less than character, nothing less than a new, complete heart, a fulfilled manhood, that Christ is trying to give us. Therefore, we may be patient, and be sure that the perfection of His gift cannot be all at once.

He who enters into Christ enters into a region of life and growth which stretches far away before him. He steps across the threshold and his feet are glad with the very touching of the blessed Christ. Christ is so one of all which He is ever to be to the soul He is in some true sense already. But none the less there is much which He cannot be until the soul is more, and so can take more of the life to live by.

The world can give you blessings which will be completed to you at once. It is able and glad to set forth for you at the beginning of the feast the best wine it has. But Christ will take you, if you let Him, into His calm, strong power, and lead you on to ever richer capacity and ever richer blessing, till at last only at the end of eternity shall your soul be satisfied and be sure that it has reached the height and depth of His great goodness, and say: "Now I know Thy goodness wholly."

Oh, at the end of our eternity may those words be ours!—Phillips Brooks.

What God Sends is Always Good. Whatever falls from the skies is sooner or later, good for the land; whatever comes to us from God is worth having, even though it be a rod. We cannot by nature like trouble any more than a mouse can fall in love with a cat, and yet Paul by grace came to "glory in tribulation." Loses of the torpedoes bear, but when our hearts are right with God, it is wonderful how easy the yoke becomes.—Spurgeon.

The Sovereign of Will. Christ is the sovereign of the will. To will to do a thing is almost to do it. But we must have a sanctified will. God helps a man who helps himself. You can become mentally, spiritually and physically what you will to be.—Rev. A. T. Osborn.

Greedy For Gain. It is the greedy for gain that is wrecking society. Money making is all right; but it should be made legitimately.—Rev. J. Wesley Hill.

Dreadnoughts Begun. The construction of the new Russian battleship, the Poltava, of the Dreadnought type, which is to have a displacement of 21,000 tons, has been commenced in the Government dockyard at St. Petersburg. The Poltava is the first of six vessels of a similar type which the Russian Government proposes to build. The Government also intends to lay down six large armored cruisers and twenty or thirty ocean going torpedo boats of 1000 tons each. The plans of the torpedo boats have not yet been approved, but their construction has been decided upon in principle.